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A MODEL AND A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE."

The Studio of John Herbert was *perhaps* the dirtiest, *certainly* the most uncomfortable, in Rome. I may be accused of exaggeration, but calmly and deliberately I repeat the assertion.

John Herbert was a genius; moreover he had that capacity for work, hard work, which is so rarely combined with genius; but, alas! he was also the most absent-minded, untidy, and careless of men.

He would stand at his easel for hours, regardless of time and appetite, with his studio and litter from floor to ceiling, of sketches, cast aside palettes, bottles, brushes, rags, bits of costume, books, manuscripts, and other heterogeneous articles, of which I could make a catalogue as long as an auctioneer's, and sublimely unconscious that over his most valuable and elaborate studies, a thick glutinous stream of turpentine was producing a most fitful varnish, and that the purple and silver brocade which hung from his lay figure, was resting in a pool of oil.

One afternoon while he was conquering with great skill and patience a refractory portion of the foreground of his most ambitious picture, he heard a knock at the door.

The door opened and on the threshold stood a middle-aged man with a ludicrous expression of disgust, amazement, and perplexity on his face.

"I am contented to stay here, if you will only listen to me. First how are you getting on?"

"Not at all."

"Humph. What is the matter?"

"My dear Elton, I feel inclined to break up my studio, burn my canvas, destroy my brushes, and go to New Zealand."

"Nonsense. What is it?"

"The picture is not getting on badly in all its accessories; but the principal figure is a failure."

"How?"

"I call the picture 'Notre Dame de bon Secours,' but I do not want a Catholic Madonna, that type has been done to death; but a woman in whose face one could read a steadfast and heroic purpose, united to the most loving sweetness. Every model in Rome has sat to me." Elton whistled. "I have made sketches from them, but not one approaches the idea I seek to represent."

"Explain."

"The fact is, these Italian faces, beautiful as they are in form and color, are, if I may so express myself, too easily read. If they are pleased, grieved, vexed, amused, it is on the surface at once. They are too broadly expressed. There is a want of self-control and discipline on their faces."

"You raved about them once."

"So I do now in a certain sense; but for this particular picture I wish I could obtain the soft, veiled look which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon countenance, combined with the beauty of form of an Italian face."

"I have seen—I know a face that would do."

"You?"

"Yes. I will see about it."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh sometimes in this dull old anachronism of a town in which I have no vocation, I ramble about and use my eyes."

"But, then have you only seen some model whom you think will do? Do you know whether she will be contented to sit to me or not?"

"I will ascertain all that. But now enough of this. Do wash your hands, smooth that dormat called by courtesy a head of hair, change your blouse, and come along. My aunt and my cousins have arrived."

"I am not fit to dine out," interrupted Herbert in a most piteous tone.

"What are your disqualifications?"

"I have so much to do."

"No, no; come along. Besides there is Nellie."

"Nellie? Oh! I remember——"

"Do you mean to say you had forgotten?" The question was asked in tone of indignation.

"I had not forgotten little Nellie," answered Herbert, mildly; "But I did not at the moment connect your family with her. You must acknowledge the name is a common one."

"To me there is but one Nellie in all the world." Herbert looked inquiringly at Elton, but was silent.

He then put by his painting, threaded his way through the maze, and disappeared through a side door, from which he emerged ten minutes afterwards with some appearance of having attempted a toilette.

As they made their way through the Corso, Elton observed how curiously Herbert peered into every face, still intent on his search for the lineaments of "Notre Dame de bon Secours."

"How your whole soul is absorbed in that picture," said Elton impatiently.

"Of course it is."

"I have no patience with you."

"My dear Elton, one cannot serve two masters: I belong wholly and irrevocably to art. Why should I shake off my allegiance the moment I am out of the studio?"

"Do you mean to say you have no affections, feelings, desires, which are not those of an artist?"

"None, I hope," answered Herbert, quietly.

"You are a f—, humph, I mean I do not believe you."

"My dear fellow, I know I seem a fool to you, and most men; but I have made my choice. My studio is my home, my art is my mistress, wife, child—the object to which I devote my body and soul."

"That will do, till the proper person appears."

"I tell you seriously I shall never marry; the jealous divinity I serve admits of no divided affections. Where would be my concentration of thought on my picture if, while painting it, I should be depressed or delighted by circumstances which had nothing to do with it? No woman whom I could love could herself love such a creature as I am—a dirty, ill-conditioned, careless dog, with nothing to a tract whatever, absent and pre-occupied in manner, unkempt and unbrushed in person. Individually, who could love John Herbert the man, and the artist has as yet achieved nothing which could bestow a reflected glory on him. I am never happy but in my studio; and then women, say what you like, are so exacting; if you fail in *petits soins*, they are so unforgiving. With the best intentions, I should always be sinning."

"And the consequence of this fooling away of health and strength is, that John Herbert at thirty, looks forty, and that a naturally fine constitution is nearly destroyed. You stoop, you cough, and you are about half the weight you were four years ago."

Elton felt sad and anxious. He loved the young artist with a half-protecting, half-admiring love. The only romance of his honest, matter-of-fact nature was connected with him. This romance was of course connected with a woman—Elton's first and only love, Herbert's no love.

They arrived in Via Gregoriana; Mrs. Elton, Elton's aunt, lived there. They were late, and the precise old lady looked somewhat reproachful.

"Where is Nellie?" was Elton's first whispered question.

"Up stairs; she is so tired she is not coming down again, she has been to the Protestant cemetery for two hours to day."

Elton disappeared for a few minutes; when he returned he found his aunt leaning back with a puzzled and somewhat offended air, and his two sisters were whispering together over their crochet. Herbert had vanished.

"Where is John?" he asked.

Mrs. Elton pointed in silence to the terrace, which opened from the farthest drawing-room. Elton there found Herbert sketching a peculiar-looking carved and twisted pediment of a column, from which its capital had long been broken, but

round which a passion-flower had twisted itself in great luxuriance and beauty. Mrs. Elton's conversation had not had power to fix Herbert's thoughts, and his eyes had been attracted by the effect of this lovely bit of green leaf, and starry flower on the luminous marble, till the temptation had been irresistible, and after mumbling some excuses he had escaped to make a sketch of it.

Elton went to him, and, after a little persuasion and some reproof, induced him to return to his hostess; but the column was sketched, and certain cabalistic signs scratched on the paper explained to the artist where the colors should be placed and what they were.

Enriched with this sketch, he bore in smiling patience all the tediousness of a formal dinner, and did not attempt to get away before Elton himself rose and bade his relatives good-night.

"Now remember, Jim," said Herbert, "you must not tempt me out again. I must work hard to make up for this fulfillment of social duties."

"And Nellie?"

"I told Mrs. Elton I hoped they would all come and see me at my studio in a month or so. I shall be less pressed for time then, and she can bring Nell with her. Good night."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, in an upper room of the same house where they had dined, Elton might have been seen in earnest conversation with a young lady. She was seated on a low stool in an attitude too free and careless for any English woman to take. The muscles of the British female are of a stronger consistency, and do not permit that willowy and flexible grace. Her abundant hair was of the darkest brown where it was folded in a mass at the back of her head, but of a warmer tint in the little wavy rings about the forehead. Her eyes were black, her nose small, with fine nostrils, cut as clearly as a statue's; her mouth, which smiled rarely wore in its abiding expression something tender yet sad. Had it not been for the eyes, the mouth would have been almost pathetic in its gentleness; had it not been for the mouth the eyes would have been too keen and purely intellectual; as it was the face is full of meaning, but one not to be defined immediately. It suggested more than it expressed.

"I saw him, Jim; I tell you I looked down accidentally from that window, and saw him sketching that column. He is more altered than I thought possible. I can see that he is very ill."

"I know it; but what can be done? I only wish he could find a model, and finish that cursed picture; we might get him to change the air."

"Why, can't he find one?"

He wants such a contradictory, inconceivable, as the 'Saturday Review' would say."

"Could I do, cousin?"

"You—well, on my word, let me look at you, I begin to think you would."

Sly Elton. He had resolved on this very way of serving Herbert and Nellie at the same time, but he was determined to let it appear the work of chance, and not his own arrangement, and therefore he would not make the proposition himself.

"But how?" and the young lady was on her feet in an instant. "I know," she said; "Tell him you have found an Italian model."

"Lie the first."

"I will take Annina with me, and you can say I am rather in a better class of life or that I have a jealous husband—"

"Lie the second."

"And that he must speak to me as little as possible."

"At the cost of three white lies, then. No, no—let him take your picture: that is plain and straightforward. I told my aunt, who wishes you to have your portrait painted while you are in Rome, that I would recommend you a good artist. I know of none better than Herbert. I will manage him, and she will surely make no objection."

"Oh, no. I have so tutored my tutoress that she never *does* make inconvenient objections."

"What a Turk you are. My poor aunt has had a difficult task with you. What would she say to the present project which fits that pretty little head of yours?—wishing to act the part of Providence to that perverse individual, John Herbert."

"To prove my gratitude to him for his kindness to me, a miserable little orphan in India; to repay him for having paid out of his own small cadet's pay for my voyage to England, and nursing me through a long illness on board. A lad of twenty acting the part of mother to a puny, wretched little girl of ten. Can I, ought I to forget?"

"Nay, don't cry, Nell, or look so fierce."

"If my money, that money which never would have been mine but for him, can be of use to him, it shall be so, though he shall never know that he owes Nell anything. He has forgotten me." And Nellie's face looked very sad.

"How to serve him is the question. He will die at his easel, I tell you—paint, paint, paint; there is nothing can take him away."

"I will avenge that."

"I defy you, Nell."

"We shall see."

The next day Elton went to Herbert and told him he had seen a lady who wished to have her picture taken.

"You know I never paint portraits."

"When you have seen her you will speak differently. She is, I would bet a hundred to one, the very model you want."

"I doubt it. A model is as difficult to find as a wife. By the way, fancy that monkey, Nell, being too tired to come down last night."

"Do you remember Nell?" asked Elton, who felt convinced that Herbert had forgotten the lapse of time, and thought of Nell just as he had left her ten years previously.

"Of course I do: a little black-eyed girl, with no good feature but her eyes; thin and dark, and sharp as a needle."

"She is very much altered, then."

"Ah! she has probably rounded off into an indolent Oriental style; those thin children often do. By the way, when I was sketching that column at Mrs. Elton's I caught sight of a hand holding back a curtain, and a pair of black eyes, which I liked the look of."

"To what kind of face did those eyes belong?"

"Unmistakably Italian."

"That is the very person. She lives in the same house as my aunt."

"And wishes me to paint her portrait? That will do. Her's is a face I should like to paint."

"Can you speak Italian, John?"

"After a fashion—yes."

The next day Elton escorted Nellie to Herbert's studio. She spoke Italian, and arrangements were made for a sitting. Nellie's affectionate heart was touched by the confusion and discomfort of the studio, and by Herbert's evident air of ill health. Herbert was enchanted with her face and figure.

"Eureka!" said he to his friend. "Though the type of the face is Italian, there is something in its expression which is precisely what I need. Enthusiasm yet reticence, ardor yet timidity, passion and yet repose."

But the lady, in fixing the day and hour of her first sitting, said, in a gentle but decided tone, that the first few sittings must be in her own house. Herbert was about to decline painting the picture on such conditions, but he caught the tender flitting blush on the oval cheek, the yearning of the eyes, and he was conquered.

"At all events," added the lady, "I will sit as long as you like in my own house, and this will make up for giving you the trouble of coming to me."

He assented, and so it was arranged. Elton was present during the sittings. His aunt and sisters very rarely at any time invaded Nellie's own rooms; and now they were absorbed in the duties of sight-seeing, Jim took care of Nellie; and that was enough. They knew she was sitting for her portrait, but knew not to whom. Elton

was amused, and perhaps even more touched, at the utter unconsciousness of Herbert. Nellie's color went and came as she met his eyes exploring with calm critical observation her features and the contour of her face; but he evidently had no suspicion that he had ever looked on them before.

Jim had managed the affair, and Herbert was quite satisfied. "An Italian who lived in Via Gregoriana" was all he knew of his sitter.

Nellie Spencer had worshipped as a child the generous youth who had proved himself such a friend to her. She was an orphan; her mother had died in giving her birth, and her father, a poor subaltern officer, had kept her with him in India. At his death the colonel of the regiment sent her to Calcutta. Herbert was returning to England. He knew her rather well—was, in fact, a distant relative of his. He knew that if the child could be sent to England she had relatives there who would take charge of her. Having resolved to devote himself to the profession of an artist, for which he had a great love and some talent, and abandon that of a military man, for which he had an invincible repugnance, he had sold his commission well, and was in possession of a tolerable sum of money for the furtherance of his artistic studies. He very generously made use of part of this sum to pay for Nellie's journey to England. John Herbert's heart was as kind as his exterior was rough.

During the voyage the child was taken ill, and he had nursed her with the tenderest care and assiduity. It was not extraordinary that the poor little orphan, brotherless and sisterless, clung to her only friend. Her heart was almost broken when they parted. He consigned her to a great-aunt, who acknowledged her claims on her when she was brought in person before her, but who would never have dreamed of making any inquiry about her had she not seen her. She repaid the debt to Herbert and was kind to Nellie. Herbert then set off to Italy, where he had remained ever since.

A year or two after her arrival in England Nellie had been adopted by a rich old bachelor relation, who was also connected with Herbert. This old man resolved she should be his heiress.

Nellie had, however, spoken so enthusiastically of the debt of gratitude she owed Herbert, and the claims he had on all who professed to love her, that Mr. Spencer, previous to the final arrangement of his testamentary affairs, had written to him. He declared his intention of leaving all he possessed to Nellie, and at the same time rather coarsely proposed to Herbert that he should marry her and take the name of Spencer. If he consented, though the landed property was strictly entailed on the offspring of the marriage, a large sum of money was divided between Nellie and Herbert, into two independent shares; if he refused, the whole fortune was Nellie's, with the exception of a small annuity which was settled on Herbert, and which at his death was merged again in the property. Herbert was thus poor but independent.

Nellie did not see the letter; indeed, she was ignorant of the proposition till Herbert's refusal or it came. His answer was not shown to her, but she was told its purport, and Mr. Spencer did not conceal his annoyance at its haughty and resentful tone. Herbert had been deeply offended. He wrote as if he felt he had been mortally insulted. To his chivalric, romantic nature, the bare idea of such a marriage was odious; and coupled as it was with the notion of a pecuniary reward for what had been such a labor of love, (the service he had rendered Nellie,) his indignation could not be controlled. He expressed a wish never more to hold any communication with Mr. or Miss Spencer.

Poor Nellie only indistinctly heard that Herbert had preferred beggary, so Mr. Spencer termed it, to the possession of an enormous fortune shared with her. Her vanity was not mortified; she possessed very little of that irritable *noli me tangere* thistle in her composition; but her heart was wounded. She felt that somehow she stood in Herbert's place. Had she never come to England, Mr. Spencer, in default of any other heir,

must have done justice to Herbert. Herbert's goodness in bringing her to England had brought about this bitter result. But how to atone was the difficulty, for during his lifetime Mr. Spencer prevented all further communication with Herbert.

At his death she was left to the care of Mrs. Elton and to the guardianship of James Elton. She was of age at eighteen, but she was to reside with them, if unmarried, till the age of twenty-one.

James Elton fell in love as desperately and irretrievably as only a middle-aged bachelor can with Nellie; but before he had committed himself he had discovered Nellie's deep interest in and grateful affection for Herbert. It was not yet love; but Elton, who had long known the wayward, careless, but thoroughly loveable Herbert, could well believe that a girl thus prepared by gratitude and affectionate interest, only required a personal knowledge of the man who thus filled her whole thoughts to give him her whole heart.

Nellie had admirers—what heiress has not? Nellie had lovers—what girl of spirit and beauty is without them? But then she was as callous and indifferent to the homage she received as if she had been eighty instead of eighteen. Her one absorbing dream was to serve Herbert and compensate him for the injustice done him by Mr. Spencer.

She consulted James. She would have purchased every picture Herbert had painted; she would have given him commissions for a future series of pictures which would have occupied a lifetime to complete, and she would have insisted on paying all in advance. But this was impossible. John Herbert would not sell his sketches or undertake commissions. One or two of his pictures he had been compelled to sell; but it was ludicrous to observe the hardship it was to him to part with them.

When Nellie was twenty she begged Mrs. Elton to go abroad. James had been in Rome the whole winter; his aunt, sisters, and Miss Spencer arrived there in April.

CHAPTER III.

The first two sittings passed off in the most harmonious manner, and Nellie's incognito was strictly kept. At the end of the second she petitioned for two more in her own house. Herbert hesitated, but finally complied.

"The fact is," he said, apologizing for having hesitated, as he entered the room for the fourth sitting, "I am in a state of perfect bewilderment. During these three sittings during which I have been absent, and during that afternoon when I accompanied you to the Ludovisi, my landlord has been making the most astonishing and unheard-of revolutions in my apartments and studio. Carpet and matting have been put down; curtains have been put up; he has hung tapestry on the walls, absolutely good and tastefully chosen; and I think, if I do not remain immovable in my studio, it will take only a few days more to transform it into a palace. Cinderella's god-mother was a goose compared to my miracle-working padrone. You would no longer laugh at my disorderly den, Elton, now; and I am in terror, if I am absent much longer, that he will actually invade the studio itself and put it in order."

Nellie and Elton both laughed at this climax; but Nellie was delighted to find how totally unsuspecting Herbert was of the cause of these changes. She had confided her wishes to her maid, Annina, with *carte blanche* as to expense, and with the strictest commands to be secret. How Annina had persuaded the landlord she knew not, but she herself had chosen the curtains, carpets, &c., which were to change a cold, unhealthy apartment into a comfortable one. The large loggia which sat in front of the bed-room and sitting-room had been decorated with a gray matting; the vine which grew in rica profusion over it had been pruned and cut till it admitted air and light, and the whole parapet of the loggia was now covered with red Etruscan-shaped terra-

cotta vases, filled with the spike-leaved cactuses and aloes which are so characteristic of Rome.

Annina had simply told the padrone that these alterations were commanded by a relative of Herbert's, but that Herbert was so eccentric it must be done without his knowledge, and the padrone must take the merit or blame on himself. He was only too willing to do so at the rate he was paid for everything, and with the knowledge, that come what would, the articles would remain in his house. For the rest, he was quite willing to gratify any whim of those "pazzi, gl' Englesi."

The morning before the first sitting, which was to be in his own house, Herbert had breakfasted at the Caffè Greco. There was, as usual, a plentiful assemblage of artists; bearded and mustachioed men of all ages and countries; spruce Englishmen, neat even at that hour; Danes; burly, reckless-looking Frenchmen, drinking wine instead of coffee; self-willed and pugnacious Americans, with surreptitious tobacco swelling in their cheeks, but all with an air of life, individuality, and self-reliance, if also of self-assertion, which gave them incontestably the palm over the assemblages in the Caffè Nuovo or any other in which languid and wearied travelers or edicts Pontificals assembled.

The great English sculptor, who has never missed his morning cup of coffee at the Caffè Greco for more years than one likes to remember, when one also considers of what value is that life to art, was there, delivering as usual some of his terse and pithy axioms with his decided yet simple manner. The forcible enunciation of a man who has sought for truth patiently and honestly, and expresses what he has found fearlessly and positively. He and Herbert were great allies. Herbert had a profound veneration for Gibson. Gibson recognized and proclaimed Herbert's talents and respected his character.

The conversation turned on beauty, and Gibson spoke with an enthusiasm (ever young) of the beauty of a lady lately arrived at Rome, a Miss Spencer.

"She has the most winning face," he said, "a charming, playful smile, and with these very feminine attractions she combines a brow and a pose of the head I have never seen but in the purest Greek type. Leonardo da Vinci alone could paint such a face, at once so refined and intellectual."

"She is a rich heiress," said one of the other artists, "and is going to be married to a relation, or guardian, or something of that sort, James Elton, a good fellow, but plain and much older than she is."

Herbert turned round. It seemed strange to hear little Nell so spoken of.

"They say," added another, "that she has come to Rome with the most generous intentions towards artists. She is going to fill a gallery with pictures."

The conversation turned off in another direction. The morning assemblage dispersed, and Herbert went home. He was delighted that it was to be the first sitting in his own house. He was rather glad on that account that the sitting-room, which opened into his studio on one side and into his bed-room on the other, had been so adorned by his padrone; for now it was a pretty and picturesque room. He further decorated it with a few flowers placed on the table near which the young lady was to sit.

He was working at the picture, and thinking with somewhat of wounded feelings of Elton's want of confidence in him. They had had so many discussions about marriage, and James had so reproached Herbert for cutting himself off from all association with the Spencers previous to Mr. Spencer's death, and had so often hinted, even lately, at the advantages of such a marriage for him, that his lip curled in scorn at the evident want of openness and straightforwardness in Jim. What was he afraid of? There could be no chance of rivalry. Every feeling of Herbert's heart was absorbed in the young Italian with whom he had lately become acquainted, who was an entire stranger to him, of whose very name he was ignorant, and yet to whom, by the fine intuition of

love, he knew he was bound by the chords of the most entire sympathy, and the most intimate comprehension. Poor little Nellie! he could not help smiling at the admiring, almost reverential way in which he had heard her mentioned. How often had she sat on his knee, or slept in his arms—how often had she, in the waywardness of illness, refused to take food but from his hands. But all these thoughts were put to flight as he heard a carriage stop, and saw his beautiful model step out of it and enter the house.

Nellie had brought Annina, for Jim was engaged. When they entered the house, Herbert's landlord met them on the stairs, and after a low bow to Nellie, entered into a long whispered conversation with Annina, and followed them to the door of Herbert's studio. Herbert opened it, and observed with surprise that the man stood for a few minutes on the threshold, and seemed pointing out to Annina the improvements and alterations in the rooms, and between each he made a low bow in the direction of Nellie, but he was soon so busy placing her, and preparing for his work, that he thought no more of Signor Bonifazio's unwonted manners.

The sitting commenced; and Herbert, in his slow, correct, but somewhat stiff Italian, began speaking of the picture for which he had asked her to sit. He had already, from his own portrait of her, sketched in the principal figure, and it was a beautiful and spirited sketch. He pointed out to her an engraving he had of Scheffer's "Christus Consolator," and said that the idea of his picture had been in some measure suggested by it.

Nellie's eyes dilated as she listened. Herbert was earnest, though fanciful; eloquent, if imaginative; and there were chords in Nellie's heart which thrilled as he spoke on this exalted theme. The rapt expression on her face gave it a sublime, unearthly look, which still better suited the picture; and Herbert was more and more enchanted, when at that very moment a knock was heard, and Mrs. Elton and her daughters entered!

There was no escape. Both Herbert and Nellie remembered it was the very day Herbert had asked Mrs. Elton to come a month previously, so that she was *dans son droit*.

"Why, Nellie, who would have thought it?" said the youngest girl, who was talkative and rather vulgar. "You never told us it was Jim's friend, Mr. Herbert, who was painting your picture."

"He has succeeded very well," said Mrs. Elton, in a patronizing tone, fussing up to the easel; "but rather an idealized portrait, I should say."

Nellie was literally breathless with confusion, Herbert, strange to say, was the first to recover himself. He looked more stern than she could have thought possible. A man who has been walking in a smiling sunny prairie, and who, without warning falls suddenly into an ambush which an enemy has prepared for him, may wear such a look.

(To be Continued.)

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

The London *Musical World's* correspondence from Milan commences with this comment: "The war is the all absorbing topic, and music or theatres are to a certain extent forgotten not only in Milan but in all provincial towns." But one novelty had been produced in Milan for two months—Cagnoni's opera, "Claudia," at La Cannobbiana. Its libretto was adapted from George Sand by two different librettists, and is not well adapted to lyric performance. Cagnoni has earned by it, credit for conscientious devotion to an impracticable subject, and rank among plodding musicians. It had not such interpreters as indifferent works require to make them palatable.

Signora Grossi is said to sing in fair style, but has a small voice, and lacks ease in giving out tone. Brignole, the baritone, on the contrary, has a fine voice, but roars too often and too

much, to depict a feeble old man. Montanaro, a *tenorino*, is spoken of as careful but unsensational. Cagnoni, with all these drawbacks to success, had the supreme Italian felicity—of a composer—to be called out some twenty times on the first night of his opera, and its run until the season closed.

Rossini's "William Tell" was tried at Il Carcano thrice, but modern Italy does not cotton to grand operas written for French singers, except as in case of "L'Africaine" for novelty's sake. French artists had obtained immense success in a theatre within a Public Garden with Offenbach's opera buffa—La Belle Hellene.

The *World's* correspondence from Stuttgart remarks upon Albert's new opera, "Astorga." The book made by Pasque is better than the general run of such productions, and the music was much applauded, the composer and singers being called out twice after each act, beside which the King sent for Albert next day, talked with him for half an hour, and sealed his royal approbation with appointing him Royal Director of Music in Wurtemberg's wide domain.

The Kiapperkasten Society of Leipsic recently gave a grand entertainment to Moscheles, at which 250 ladies and 700 gentlemen were present. It seems that Kiapperkasten means "Rattle Box," a German synonym for the piano-forte, which on that occasion was made to open suddenly, and show Moscheles' bust made by Knauer. Recitations, pianism, and choral performance were crowned by a grand address to Moscheles backed up with cheering *ad lib*. Then Moscheles responded in words, and on the piano-forte.

The long expected Musical Festival at Hamburg attracted to St. Michael's Cathedral but half of that four thousand it can accommodate, because all classes were full of misgivings about war and its effects upon Hamburg. There was an exceedingly good chorus formed by local Academy students, an excellent orchestra, and Franz Weber, to play a grand organ with eighty registers, and to crown all those great advantages, St. Michael's Church is said to be admirable in transmission of sound.

Jenny Lind sang all the soprano music as Mlle. Therese Schneider was indisposed, and is highly reported of in "The Messiah," Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," and "Il re Pastore," by Mozart. Beside her Mlle. Bettelheim, Herrs Gunz and Stockhausen took solos. Speaking of serious mistakes committed by wind instruments in concert performance, that correspondent truly remarks, "On the art of rehearsing judiciously, of pointing out an error instantly and clearly, and saying how it is to be remedied, without tiring the band, there ought to be a book written, and what is more, seriously studied by 99 conductors out of 100. Stockhausen is censured for some errors in his direction there."

The *Musical World* considers the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester to have a very indifferent programme this year, although it offers Haydn's "Creation," "Elijah," the "Messiah," and selections from grand works with Tildens, Dolby, Reeves, and Santley as soloists.

Von Bulow, Wagner's special advocate, was so harassed at Munich by professional and party spite as to cause his resignation of a high musical office, and in consoling phrase Bavaria's King smoothed down his ruffled mind.

Jenny Lind was to sing at St. James' Hall, London, on July 11th, in Arthur S. Sullivan's grand orchestral concert, which fact he duly heralds.

Wagner received on his last birthday a silver laurel wreath from admirers in Munich, which he acknowledged in flowery language, and very involved sentences.

J. F. Barnett is said to have nearly completed his oratorio for the Birmingham Festival. He calls it "The raising of Lazarus" and rumor praises the work highly.

The Leyden's Vocal Union's Triennial Festi